

# ラブライブ!

*School idol diary*



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# Chapter 1

## Chapter 1: Nico's Secret Measurements

Thud, thud, thud.

Heavy footsteps resounded as I dashed out of the 3rd year students' classroom and up the stairs.

"Huh? Nico-chan, where are you going? Class is about to-"

A classmate called out to me.

Thud, thud, thud.

But I don't have time for that right now! Wait... no, I take that back.

It's exactly at times like these that I have to do my Nico-nii smile.

"Thanks, I know! I just needed to do something!"

I ran like the wind, leaving only my voice behind. Yup that's cool ≡  
That's Nico-niicchi, the super popular idol who's always around to give others a smile, no matter how busy she is ♪  
Maybe they'll become my fans too?  
Tee hee hee ≡







As I ran up the stairs, I clutched my chest...Crunch.

Oops.

The folded sheet of paper I'd pressed up against myself... The long awaited article that would foretell my destiny... And I'd crumpled it!

What now, this is terrible.

I spared no effort in trying to flatten out the A4 size sheet of paper.

Umm, it's a bit wrinkled now. Oh well.

I continued up the staircase, and bang ♪

The clear blue sky greeted me once I flung the door open. The rooftop was completely deserted. Ah, skipping class feels so good!

At that moment, I started to calm down. Step by step, I walked out to the middle of the roof and dropped to the floor, cross-legged. Woah, I can't just let my guard down because I'm alone. I straightened out the hem of my skirt. After all, I'll be in huge trouble if someone caught that on one of those cutting-edge telephoto lenses.

Exclusive Exposé! What Lies Beneath Up-and-Coming School Idol Nico-nii's Skirt!? As if ≡

Or maybe something like this? Undercover Scoop! Chart-topping School Idol Nico-nii's Secret Three Sizes, an Impressive—

Haa. Once I thought of that, I let out a sigh.

Rustle, rustle.



I unfolded the newly-updated document in my hands, the one that shall reveal to me the path my life shall take — my physical examination results.

Class 3C, #29: Nico Yazawa.




And beneath that...






私の身長 (cm)

1 年	2 年	3 年
		<b>154</b> cm

私の体重 (kg)

1 年	2 年	3 年
		

座高 (cm)

1 年	
2 年	
3 年	

胸囲 (cm)

1 年	<b>71</b> cm
2 年	<b>71</b> cm
3 年	<b>71</b> cm

Ohhhhhh.

My shoulders went slack. Those expressionless numbers sat before my eyes.

71.

Ughhh. Sure, I should have seen it coming, But still, I have kinda gotten my hopes up. I mean, you never know, right?

At age 18, I'm technically still growing. As a girl, our biggest growth spurts are supposed to come around this time. In fact, if you look at the rest of the idols around, you can see massive changes in their face, their body, and their general image going from age 18 to 19. In my opinion, at least.

From my results as a prolific Idol Watcher, the girls who become the centers for popular groups usually make their debut at 14 or so, and then make it big at 15 or 16. By around 18, those pretty girls lose that innocent look and start looking like adults, and they instantly go from working in ads for candy or soft drinks to appearing at events for big corporations and stuff, and then finally, the best of the best win the teen division Diamond Award and enter the mainstream! That's the best way for an idol to go, I think.

Yeah yeah.

Ah, but what do I do about this?

71cm

My bust...

It hasn't grown a single millimeter over the past year.

Looking down at my chest, hidden under my bright pink school sweater and the dark green tie, I can't see even a hint of cleavage.

Waaah, I'd already added 3 cm to my μ's official profile, but that's just a total lie now!

What should I do?

Is this why they invented the phrase, "cooking the numbers"?

Aghhh.

My voice hasn't changed, and I've never once experienced a growth spurt. In



fact, when we lined up by height back in elementary school, I'd usually be taller half of the line. Then, every year, I would move a little bit forward, and now, I'm practically at the very front!

The fresh, 18-year-old Nico Nico Nii.

Maybe... my real growth spurt hasn't come yet?

Can... can that really happen!?

As I tilted my head in consideration, a voice came from behind.

"Ohhh! It's Nico-chan! You skipping class!?" said the loud voice ringing through my ears.





Who's there!? Who'd be so crazy as to make such a scene when she knows someone's trying to skip?

With a furrowed brow... No, stop right there!

I can't let anyone catch me with my brow furrowed. Not on my life.

Nico-nii is a radiant idol angel who's always got a smile on her face.

As I wiped the annoyance from being called out off of my face, I turned around to check who's there.

"Oh, Rin-chan and Kayochin."

With a wide smile and her arms stretched out like an airplane, Rin-chan ran towards me, followed by her long-time friend, Hanayo-chan.

The first underclassman clubmates Nico's had in her life ≡

Rin-chan was carrying a huge bag full of snacks, while Hanayo-chan was carrying a lunchbox...?

What??

I have never taken them for the type to skip class for munchies.

Rin-chan hummed as she landed next to me with a smile.

"We freshies don't have a 6th period class now that we're done with with our measurements. The kids without clubs already went home, while we came up to wait for practice to start ☆"

"Here, we can eat so our stomachs won't start rumbling during practice."

I see. And she continues, "What's this? What are you reading, Nico-chan? Did you get some info on a new school idol?"

Rin-chan looked over at my physical examination sheet with anticipation.

"Woah, woaaaaaah! I-it's nothing! Nothing at all! It's just some handout from a school that I was holding on to-"

I didn't even know what I was saying anymore as I took the physical examination sheet and hid it behind my back. Rin-chan gave me a smirk.

"Oh, I see. Didn't do so well on your last test? I'll bet you didn't study for it

one bit! We've been so busy practicing with  $\mu$ 's, after all. I know how you feel. It's like, before you know it, it's the night before test day, and though you want to stay up to study, the harder you focus, the sleepier you get! Yay, both of us are two of a kind!"

I would rather not be two of a kind with you. As that thought goes through my head, I fired back, "Oh, come on! It's not a test! Aw, this sucks! I'd finally gotten some time for myself to plan out my future growth as an idol..."

Before I could finish my thought...

Woah.

A massive pair of breasts sat down in front of me.

The irritating sight of a blue school sweater, insufficient to conceal the jiggling of the masses beneath, blocked my vision.

This is beyond cleavage. What's the best way for me to classify the object before me?

A mountain range?

The summit?

Perhaps Cape Canaveral would be more appropriate. They looked like they could fire their engines and lift off at any moment. It almost made me want to reach out for them, but I snapped myself out of it.

Smile.

As I raised my eyes, I saw Hanayo-chan sitting delicately with her knees together, giggling.

"So the seniors got measured at noon? Oh, but first, are you hungry, Nico-chan? You can have one of my rice balls if you want ♪ I used the special kelp and seafood mix today..."

As she spoke, she cheerfully produced a gigantic riceball from her lunchbox, totally blackened with dried seaweed. Why does it have eyes?

"I made it into a soot sprite, tee hee hee ≡"

Oh. Like the ones in Totoro<sup>1</sup>.



I wasn't exactly sure why, but at that moment, I felt like I was helplessly defeated.

Obviously, there was that thing about her bust, but also... that rice ball. She held before me a rice ball nearly the size of my own head. And she'd brought three of them. (When I asked her later, she shyly told me one was a spare, but at any rate, it's not normal to keep spare riceballs in your lunchbox.)

I didn't have a large appetite in the first place, so I didn't think I could ever eat something that big. Furthermore, I didn't have the time to prepare lunch in the likeness of cartoon characters in the morning either. And what's more, if 6th period's starting right about now... didn't they just have lunch? Absolutely unbelievable. I felt powerless.

Argh.

Do I have to eat that much to get bigger breasts after all? Hanayo-chan's two years younger than me, too.

Seeing my shoulders slumped in disappointment, Hanayo was taken aback.

"Oh, sorry... do you dislike dried seaweed? I personally think it's not a real riceball unless it's nearly overflowing with the stuff, but my granny would scold me, saying that if I ate too much, I'd get all plump..."





As if by instinct, I took a hold of Hanayo-chan's hands and blurt out, "Dried seaweed!? Is that your secret!? Is dried seaweed the secret to your voluptuous, much-envied boobs!?"

I might have looked a bit too desperate.

"She said I'd get all plump, a-and hairy-"

Maybe the pressure was too much, as Hanayo-chan started to lose her voice. Then Rin joined in.

"What do we have here? Rin likes dried seaweed too ≡ It goes great with tonkotsu ramen!"

You're just as flat as me either way.

Ah, no, as I looked at her chest... Curse you! She might have a bit more volume than me. Oh. Then, a stroke of genius stroke me.



“Hey, Rin-chan, Rin-chan, you’ve known Hanayo-chan since you were kids, so that means you’ve seen how she’s progressed over time, right?”

“S-sure...” Rin-chan looked slightly startled as she replied.

Oh come on! You don’t have to be so scared just because I’ve come up with an idea ≡

I stood up.

“Good! Then I need to interview you as the world’s leading expert on Hanayo-chan! Now, about Hanayo’s boobs... just when did they get so big? Surely it wasn’t in elementary school, was it? I mean, she looks like a late bloomer, and she’s not all that tall, either. So was there any food she suddenly began to like around the time her boobs started growing? Or some other cause? If it was because of dried seaweed, did she suddenly start to like dried seaweed around then, or was there some other reason...”

As I paused to think, I felt like I might have jumped the gun there. If I just barraged Rin-chan with questions...

Rustle rustle rustle.

“Aaaaaah!”

With stars in her eyes, Rin-chan snatched the physical examination sheet that I’d protected so well out of my lap.

“Nooooo! You don’t look at that! Stoop!”

Nico-nii’s death throes.

Rin-chan tilted her head as if she didn’t realize what was so private, and then gasped. She clapped her hands once.





“Your bust! I see! Your bust is also in the 70’s! Hooray! I knew we were two of a kind ≡! We’re small-bust buddies! It’s too bad we don’t have the same impact Kayochin and Nozomi-chan have, but at least it’s easier for us to dance, right ♪?”

She spoke gleefully as she held her hands up for a high five.

Hey, I didn’t ask for this!

Blushing, I looked away...But I gave her the high five anyway. Not like I have a say in the matter. It’s time to get serious.

“Sure, it might be easier to dance, but we’re idols, you know? We’ve gotta do swimsuit photoshoots, and it’s vital that we look good in what we wear! Frills look better with the volume that a good chest has, and if you can show a bit of cleavage, then it’s all the better! And most of all, idols need a proper bust to get noticed in the first place!

Rin-chan pricked up her ears, and turned still. I was sure images of Nozomi and Hanayo-chan’s breasts were going through her head at that moment.

“Right? Right, right, right, right? Of course, it might be hard to change your figure that much by now, but you still want to get into the 80’s, just like any other girl in the world, don’t you? I wanna advance to an AA cup at the very least! You’re a freshman so you can still wait and hope nature takes its course, but I’m already a senior! I don’t have any time left!”

I transitioned out of the high five, holding her hands in mine as I earnestly reasoned with Rin-chan. She began to think with a strangely serious look on her face.

“Hmmm, true enough. Everyone thinks I’m boyish, but maybe if my boobs grow out a bit more, I’ll start to appear more feminine!”

Yay, it worked ≡

I’ve successfully recruited Rin-chan ♪

Now that I’ve gotten her childhood friend Rin-chan with me, Hanayo-chan’s gonna have to show us the secret to her knockers!

You can’t keep a secret from me ♪

But she doesn’t even give me time to finish my thoughts.



“Come on, Hanayo! Hit us with your best ideas for Nico-Rin’s ‘Mission: Breast Growth!’ ”

“Wait, aren’t the two of you best friends? And you’re telling me you don’t have an idea what the key to Hanayo-chan’s boobs might be?”

“Not the slightest!”

Her swift response lowers my hopes. However,

“I... I wouldn’t know anything about that eith-”

Hanayo-chan’s trembling response was well within my calculations. We’ll just ignore it for now.

“Really!? Then you’ll just have to let Nico-nii, with the supervision Rin-chan, figure it out ≡! I’m sure the secret to Hanayo’s sweater puppies lies within her daily routine! You have my word that I will not rest until we pin it down!”

I declared with my hand raised to the sky. Rin-chan happily jumped up with me.

“I’m not gonna get left behind either ☆♪♯”

Hanayo-chan seemed to be struck speechless.

At any rate, it just wouldn’t do if I ask my fellow seniors Nozomi-chan or Eli-chan.

That’s why I’ll be needing your cooperation ≡

We don’t have a second to waste. First we write down notes no. 1 and 2.

Note No. 1

Apparently eating lots  
of dried seaweed makes  
your boobs bigger?

Note No. 2

Three rice balls a day!  
Even if you're feeling under the  
weather, just tough it out!



≡≡≡≡≡≡

Afterwards, Rin-chan and I tailed Hanayo-chan and began imitating her lifestyle.

Wherever our instructor Hanayo-chan goes, the two of us followed in a single-file!

If she covered her head, Rin-chan and I covered ours as well. If Hanayo-chan turned around, the two of us followed suit too.

As they say, monkey see, monkey do ≡

Whenever Hanayo-chan slacked off in the hallways, the two of us forced ourselves to sit still with her. Whenever she tripped and flashed her panties while changing from her uniform into her practice clothes, the two of us flashed ours as well.

Giggle ≡

Hanayo-chan was wearing panties printed with small spring flowers.

Rin-chan's panties was aqua blue with a showy Spongebob design.

And Nico's was... Woah there, that's far beyond top secret information! Not even the president can know. It's meant for Nico's eyes only ♪



Then, at last...

All of a sudden, Hanayo-chan began to stand pidgeon-toed, fidgeting with her face red. Without saying a word, she turned around and made a break for it.

“Oh no! Kayochin’s trying to shake us off! It’s finally time for the big climax! We’re about to discover the secret rituals she used to make her boobs so big!”

Rin-chan’s eyes glittered with the same light of realization as mine.

“Wow! We’ve been friends for so long, but I’ve never known about this! Once I learn this secret, our friendship will advance to a whole new level♪!”

The two of us, the would-be Holmes and Dr. Watson pair, gave fervent chase to Hanayo-chan, who led us to...

A pair of large double doors set with glass, and shining white tiles.

And the sound of dripping water.

This is... “The restroom...” Oh, is that it...?

The two of us pondered whether to follow her inside, but, as neither of us needed to go, we ended up waiting outside.

“You don’t think she’s doing some secret ritual in the toilet, do you?”

“No, I think that’s a bit too far-fetched. Kayochin used to be too scared to go to the bathrooms alone, after all. I don’t think it’s a place she’d enjoy being in ☆”

Nico nico, nya-nya.

As we spoke, along came...

“Huh? What are you doing out here? We’re about to start practice...”

It’s Umi-chan, her face as diligent, her voice as elegant as ever. Accompanying her was Kotori-chan.

“What a relief, I was looking for you because I was worried the freshmen might forget and go home ≡”

Kotori-chan’s got both hands full with bags of what looks like clothes, but her smile’s so relaxing nonetheless!

Ah, if only I had a smile like that. It would be such a powerful asset to my idol



career.

“You don’t have to worry about that! We’re going through Ms. Kayochin’s breast growth class right now♪! We’ve been following her the whole time, researching what she does to make her boobs grow so big! Pretty cool, huh? Then, she started running away all of a sudden, so Nico-chan was like, ‘Woah, is it time to learn her secret!?’ and followed her to the toilets. Now we’re taking a little break while we wait for her to come out.”

Not good. I saw Umi-chan’s mood darken. I turned around with a swoosh, acting like I just heard someone call my name. I needed to get away. I heard the flush of a toilet, and out came Hanayo-chan.

“Hanayo-chan...” Kotori-chan called out to her worriedly, and Hanayo-chan looked as if she’s about to cry.

“K... Kotori-chan... I don’t really know any secrets to make my boobs any bigger... Those two just suddenly started to...”

Her face was flushed.  
Her eyes started getting misty.  
And Umi-chan was trembling as if she’s about to blow a fuse.

“Nico! Rin! What were the both of you doing!?”  
Eek! S-sorry!  
But this, too, is a vital part of idol research!  
As I yelled, I grabbed Rin-chan’s hand and hightailed it out of there!

If nothing else, my running legs are the only thing I have confidence in ≡  
≡≡≡≡≡

And so...  
Nico’s Breast Enlargement Project went on a temporary hiatus.  
I’m still caught up on Hanayo-chan’s large, soft boobs... but, now that I think about it, Hanayo-chan just has that sort of build, with more volume all-around, right?  
I felt like I was a bit different.  
Which is why...

Tee hee hee ≡

Though Umi-chan was mad at me back then, I got a good look. At Kotori-chan's squishy breasts as she held those bags of clothing against her chest, that is  
≡≡≡

Though she's busty too, she's not quite the same as Hanayo-chan or Nozomi-chan. In fact, I'd say she's the thin, slender type, right?  
Just like me ≡

Alright, tomorrow, I'm gonna give her a thorough investigation and figure out the secret behind her boobs!

Just 9 more centimeters until my poor little 71-cm chest enters the 80's.  
I'm not gonna give up, no matter what the cost!

So, wait just a bit longer ≡  
Kotori-chan's gonna be my next target ♪

## Comments♡海未

Give me a break. Nico's the oldest member of  $\mu$ 's, but she's always starting something when she's with Rin and Hanayo. Nothing good can come out of that! Like, they're so pure and impressionable, so you shouldn't trouble them, right?

Nico's simple attitude may be suited for idol work, but there's a time and place for everything.

As for breasts... well, there's nothing wrong with being small, is there?

That's one thing we have in common ♡





## TL Notes

1. A movie by Hayao Miyazaki, which was used as a reference for Hanayo's riceball.

## Credits

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# Chapter 2

## Chapter 2: Blog Discovered!

THE LAST Angel NICONES  
**LOVE♡NICO**  
**WORLD IDOL BLOG♡**

らぶ♡にこ わーるとあいさるぶろぐ♡





♥ More Practice Today!

—  
We practiced up until the end of the school day again!

Nico-nii's all tired out ♥

But, despite working for so long, everyone's eyes were still shining as always  
★

Glittering like the stars in the night sky ★

Nico-nii's still radiating energy too ♥

Come to think of it, it has already been two months since I've started working as a school idol.

Back then, the comments I received were — “Are you giving up your dream of becoming a true idol and settling for just being a school idol!?”

Everyone was so worried.

But I'll be fine!

I'm gonna be a genuine idol! The best idol in the world! That's always been, and always will be, my dream ♥

But right now, I'm still in high school, as the saying goes, “the skilled falcon hides its dreams<sup>1</sup>”, right?

Anyway, school idols are the big thing right now, aren't they?  
I thought that following the trend and just making my debut first would be a good idea ♥

Working with the rest of the group is fun too ♥♥♥

Plus, I know that this will help me get my name out to the world.

Maybe I'll get a role on a TV documentary titled something like “Urban Underpopulated Areas: The Girls Who Dream of Being Idols.”

Of course, Nico-nii will become the main heroine!

After all, as a character, I stand out the most, and to be blunt, I'm the cutest one ♪♪

Even though I'm in a dinky school, and there's no telling how well we'll do as

school idols, but working with μ's is kinda like the first step to my advancement.  
♪

This, too, is part of the Nico-nii Idol Strategy!

So, there's nothing to worry about! Just keep cheering me on!

Love ♥

Nico-nii ♪

And to the world, Love♥Nico!





There.

Hmmm.

I wonder how everyone thought of that?

Today, I arrived to the club room earlier than usual, and checked the comments section on my blog.

This is my secret.

My hidden idol blog, which I have started back when I was a high school freshman.

When I was 15 years old, my desire was to enter UTX in the spring, but not even that little dream came true. I was quite disappointed.

UTX, which was recently built near my house, has its own private theater and several top idols were a part of its performing arts department. It was the perfect fit for someone aspiring to become an idol, like myself. However, my poor, run-of-the-mill family could never afford to send me to such a fancy private school.

Ever since my elementary school days, I have always wanted to become – No, known that I will become – an idol, but due to fate's cruelty, an unfortunate family background, and unlucky auditions...







Waaaah!

Just because of a bit of bad luck, I couldn't even take a single step towards becoming an idol, and ended up going to Otonokizaka Academy. It made me panicked a little.

I wanted to become an idol and to have a vibrant high school life.

But when the day finally came, it just had to be Otonoki, a boring local high school with a total of six classes for all its students only.

No guys, no idol club either, and all the girls who go there are like...yawn.

They're all cuties ♪ ... but to be honest, I felt that it was boring somehow. That I had to do something.

At first, I panicked.

While working at a part-time job, my 15-year-old, idol-aspiring self started my idol research dream blog.

Unexpectedly, I got a bunch of regulars who checked in every day, and became relatively popular. Great success ≡

See, I'm totally idol material after all, aren't I?

If I can become this popular just by blogging, then there's no doubt that the moment I make my debut as a celebrity, I will go straight to the top! Sheesh, all those old-school talent agencies just don't understand my true value. Still, I'm the one that fate has chosen ≡





Now I've really got to give it my all ♪

And so. In secret, I scrolled down my blog, alone, in the club room.

"Oh, wow! I've gotten so many supportive comments ≡"

Pleased, I sat down on a chair nearby. Even if I'm a part of μ's now, I still got to treasure my devoted fans.

What's this?

"I love how you work with all your heart, no matter where you are."

Teeheehee ≡ I know, right?

Despite my lax appearance, I'm actually a pretty hard worker. And this one says, "Hope you'll advance past being a minor school idol and stand onstage at UTX! I'm rooting for you!" Hmm, well, I'm thankful for the support, but frankly, transferring to UTX doesn't seem to be within the realm of possibility."

Tapping my feet on the desk, I was clearly enjoying myself while reading through the comments.

That's why I didn't even notice when the door leading into the room opened.

"What!? "Gotta be thankful for all the others acting as your stepping stones! I'm eagerly waiting for some of your intimate documents. I hope it'll be a bathing scene?!" What the heck is this!? You've gotta be kidding if you think an idol like me can do that! I've still got 12 years before you can consider me a borderline case"≡ I shouted in agitation.

Then, just next to me, I heard someone spoke in my ear.

"Hmm, bathing scenes? Sounds like your readers have their minds in the gutter." Came a cool hard voice, like a lake frozen over with ice.

M-Maki-chan, my colleague at μ's!?

Her gaze was keenly focused on the screen of the cellphone in my hand, as if she hadn't even noticed me having a heart attack...

Aaaaah, not good!

I fumbled to close the screen. Maki-chan grabbed it out of my hand, as if she already knew what I was going to do.

“Waaaaah! Wait, no, give that back!”

I pounded against Maki-chan’s back frantically as she turned away and started reading the display... and then, with a whoosh, Maki turned back to me. For a moment, I wasn’t sure what to do, but...

Hyaah! The early bird catches the worm! Preemptive strike!





“Come on! Didn’t anyone teach you not to look at other people’s cellphone’s without permission!? That’s just gonna get you some heartbreak when you scare your future boyfriend off! But don’t come crying to me when that happens!”

As I made a big show of anger...

“Hey, it says here that “we at μ’s are your stepping stones”... What’s that supposed to mean!?”

That’s one scary face.

Eek, Maki-chan is so intense at times like this.

Like an ice-cold smile, or a hannya mask<sup>2</sup> ♪ I bet she will just get madder if I said that. That’s why I didn’t say anything further.

“Well? Why aren’t you saying anything? Actually, what’s this blog about, anyway? I’ve never heard anything about it before, and you’ve written about us in here too!”

The intensity in Maki’s angered expression is so cool. When I take a closer look, she’s really got a pretty face after all.

Then, suddenly, “Hey Maki-chan, I know you’re basically angry all the time, but out of all of us at μ’s, that look actually suits you the best! It must be nice to look so good! Not even anger can ruin your looks!” I say, as if speaking on auto-pilot. It’s a bad habit of mine that I always speak my mind!

“Stop trying to change the subject!”

Ooh, she’s mad.

“Sorry, sorry! I didn’t mean to!” I felt a bit depressed.

“Really, I’m sorry. But I wasn’t trying to hurt anyone. I’m just continuing my old blog. I mean, right now, μ’s is pretty much my entire life. If I don’t write about you, then there’s nothing else to put there,” I said as I racked my mind for a follow-up.

“Forgive my selfishness, okay? Oh, that’s right. You’re the princess of the Nishikino Hospital, so it’s only natural you wouldn’t want people going around

writing whatever about you on the internet... Sorry, I'm just a regular girl, so I didn't even realize..." I said as I reverted the browser back to the start of my blog and placed the phone such that the screen could be seen.

As I glanced upwards to peek at Maki-chan...

"I... it's not like I was going to say anything like that."

Oh, she's falling back! Hooray! ≡

Just as I thought I've managed to outwit her.

"Hm? Wait a minute. I'll bet..."

Maki-chan grabbd my cellphone again and started scrolling.





“Now that I check again... Yeah, it’s right there! You’re going on about how you joined μ’s just to further your own idol career, that you’re not even sure we’re gonna make it as idols, and that you’re the cutest!”

Shaky shaky. Maki-chan’s welling up with magma again.

“Just what the hell do you want!?”

Eeeek! It’s an eruption! ≡≡≡

I screamed and threw myself back, as if pretending to be blown away by Mount Maki’s eruption. Then, as I tried to flee.

Click.

The door opened right in my face before I could plot my escape.

“Hey there! Time for another day of practice!”

“This is unusual. Nico, Maki, are you two the first ones here today?”

Rin-chan and Umi-chan entered. Followed by...

“They seem to be getting along really well these days ≡”

“Wow, really? I didn’t notice a thing! Maybe it’s because Maki-chan’s the only child, and Nico-chan’s like a senior and big sister to her! Not that she looks the part, though!”

Filled with some irrational exuberance, Kotori-chan and Honoka-chan flashed a peace sign.

“Oh my, so out of all the people she could have chosen, she went with Nico, rather than an actual big sister like myself? I’m hurt ♪”

“Really? But, if you just imagine pairing Maki and Eli Chika up, it’ll just be plain boring. I think the abruptness of Maki-Nico pairing is pretty good, though? What about you, Hanayo-chan?”.

Eli-chan came in, with Nozomi-chan after, and Hanayo-chan in the back, as if in hiding.

With a timid nod, she answered, “I think Maki-chan somehow feels like she’s more relaxed and enjoying herself when she’s with Nico-chan ≡”

Eek! Nice one, Hanayo-chan ≡≡

I inadvertently sprang up towards Hanayo-chan, but someone grabbed onto my skirt.

It was Maki-chan, trembling in rage and embarrassment.

“Hold it! Could you all just stop running your mouths!? Nico’s not the big sisterly sort you think she is. She’s actually a two-faced jerk who’s been keeping this blog in secret, see!?” Maki-chan said, thrusting out my cellphone for all to see, like it’s the stamp-box from Mito\_Kōmon<sup>3</sup>.

They all raised their voices in shock.





“Nico-nii’s Love≡Nico World Idol Blog!?!?” they shouted in unison.

Oh no. And I just told her not to show off other people’s cellphone. I raised a hand to shield myself from the gazing eyes.

Why me? My cover’s finally been blown. My secret idol blog.

Lord, have mercy...

≡≡≡≡≡≡

“Wow, I’ve never met a real, live blogger before! Awesome!” Honoka-chan’s shriek was the first response.

“That’s such an idol thing to do! And the design is so cute too ≡” Kotori-chan’s eyes were glowing.

“So you can gather daily information from these sorts of places?” Umi-chan spoke with an impressed tone, and Rin-chan jumped with joy. “It says our eyes are all shining like stars here! She’s gotta be talking about me☆!”

Hanayo-chan’s eyes are widened in surprise, “I can’t believe you can do all this despite the exhausting practice every day!”

Eli-chan laughed at the sight, “School idol intimate documents? That sounds like something Nico would do, hehe. And it might be true that Nico stands out the most as a character. We minor school idols at Otonoki could do well to learn from her example.”

Nozomi-chan responded too, ” ‘A skilled hawk hides its dreams,’ huh? That’s for sure ≡ It’s true that idols are more popular than ever these days. But, if you want to pull a winning lot, it’s better to go overboard than to be stingy. I’m impressed that Nico did all this without telling anyone else ♪ Oh, I know, how about we all take turns writing on the blog and take some of the weight off Nico’s shoulders?”

Everyone cheered.

Saying things like, ‘I’d expect nothing less from Nico’, ‘I only wish I could be so good with computers’ and ‘maybe we should put Nico in charge of our digital networking’.

Apart from that...there was nothing.

Maki-chan and I just stared blankly at the scene.

Then, quietly, “But she even said that μ’s are just her stepping stones, and we’re minor, and all other sorts of...” she muttered.

Nozomi-chan claps her on the back with a smile.

“It’s not just for Nico-nii. We’re together in μ’s so that we can be stepping stones for all the others. We will work our way to becoming greater school idols, one step at a time. That’s how μ’s operates. And, it’s an unfortunate fact that Otonoki is dinky...”

On the other side, Honoka let out a mighty roar while she looked at the phone.

“And that’s why! We’re gonna make it big-time and stop the school from closing! We’re gonna take our next step together, with a smile, and save Otonokizaka Academy ≡!”

Maki-chan’s shoulders dropped in response to Nozomi-chan’s giggling, and she sighed.

“Well, I wasn’t actually, like, mad or anything. It’s just...”

As she spoke with a bitter smile, I could already hear what she’s trying to say next.

“It’s just, I had this urge to act like an honor student, like I always do. I didn’t think you’d all react this way. But, now that you mention it, I might have overreacted a bit... Ugh, fine! I know I can never match up to you guys in this!”

Ehehe ≡ I was right on the money ♪

But, the sight of her fumbling in embarrassment was just too cute for me to resist. I just had to give her a big hug, saying,

“You’re just so cute, Maki ≡ Don’t you worry! I think you’re fine just the way you are! So, I’ll be writing lots and lots about you on my blog from now on!”

With a shocked expression, she began to say something...

And then stopped, resisting with all her might... But it didn’t work.

“Ugh, jeez! If you’re not going to do a proper job of promoting μ’s, then I’ll do the writing from now on! You might not think I’d be a good writer, but...”



Her face turned red.  
Giggle.  
She's just too adorable ≡  
Messing with Maki is so fun, I'm addicted ♪

≡≡≡≡≡≡

—  
Starting the next day,  
Everyone in μ's began taking turns writing on my blog, with me managing their uploads.  
Teeheehee♥

It felt like I'm some sort of authority figure now!  
With my iron grip on our blog, I'll quietly boost my presence!

And so, I'll be starting up Shadowy Commander Nico-nii's Number One Idol To Be / School Idol Secret Blog today.  
I'll be updating daily with your support ♥

I'll be teaching you how a school idol's life really goes, so I hope you enjoy ♥

\* Coming Up Next \*  
Thrilling Secret Special Training for Team SM!?  
See you soon!

<< Previous Post | Front Page | Next Post >>

—

## Comments♡真姫

I-I'm not exactly impressed with Nico-chan the way everyone else is! Rather, I just feel impressed that everyone else is totally fine with it. It kinda surprised me and made me feel like I'm real narrow-minded or...

Anyway, there's nothing special about Nico-chan to me! And if we're writing a blog, I'm more suited to the job! Just leave it to me~



## TL notes

1. Alteration of a Japanese proverb: the skilled falcon hides its talons
2. Hannya mask: used in traditional Japanese theater, depicts the face of a jealous and hateful demoness.
3. More info on Mito Komon: [Click here](#)

## Credits

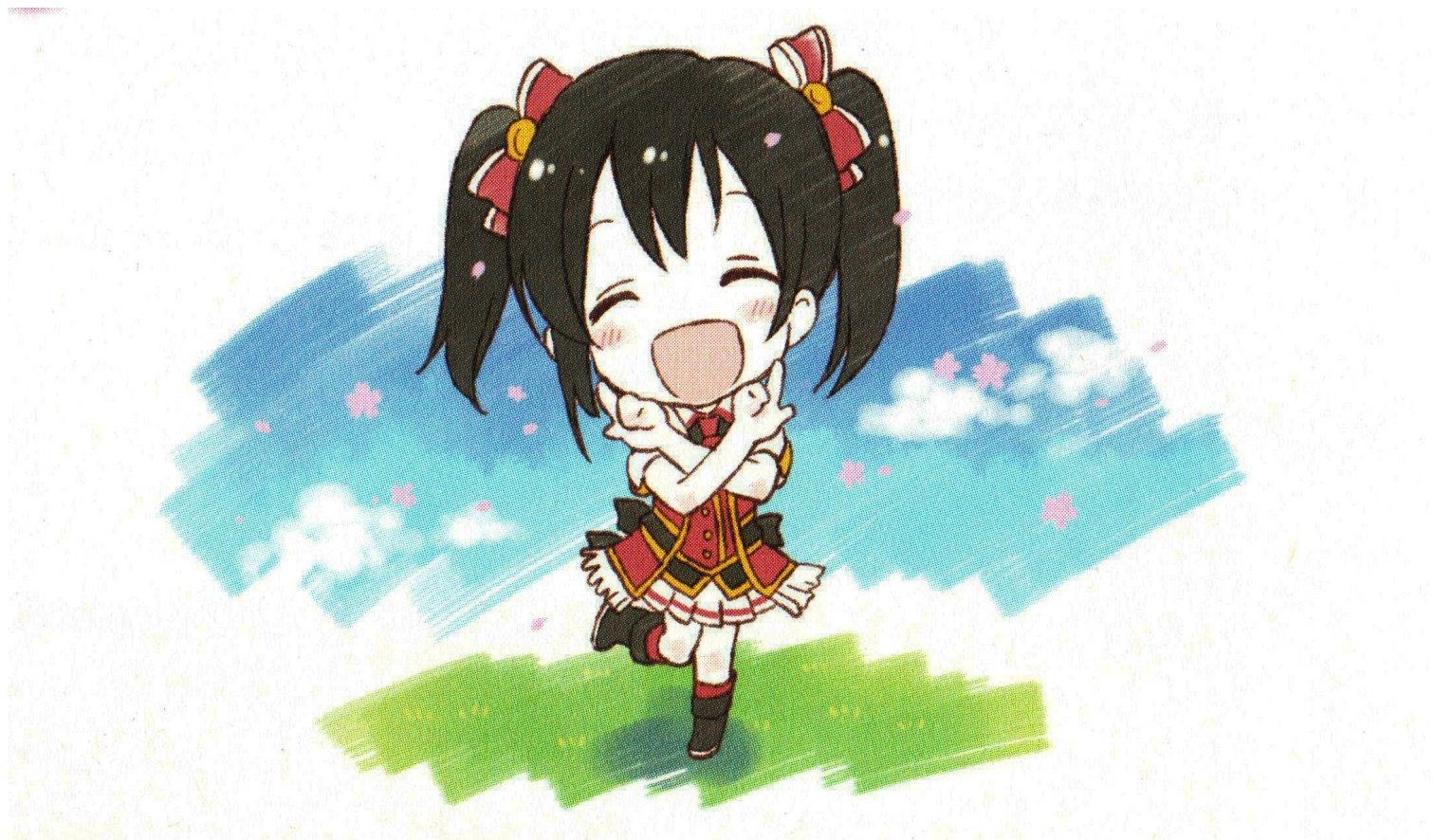
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# Chapter 3

## Chapter 3: Nico Nico Nii



“Nico nii, nico nii, nico nico nii♪”

That is...

My catchphrase as Nico-nii, the best idol in the world. But, I’ve actually sung it ever since I was a kid. It’s Nico’s private theme song. Ehehe≡

Nico nii, nico nii, nico nico nii♪

It’s a rather simple, cute, and cheerful song that I like to sing. It fits Nico-nii perfectly. But in truth, I didn’t make it up myself. Back when I was just a little kid, daddy<sup>1</sup> made it for me.

Yazawa Nico.

That’s the name my mom and dad gave me, in hopes that I would always have a smile on my face.

My dad would go “nico nico nii” whenever he said my name. With a bright, happy smile, “nico nico nii”. And whenever we took pictures, too.

“Okay, I’m taking it now, Ni-co ni-co nii!” And we would all smile together.

When I thought about it, I recalled all the times daddy would sing it to me.

Back when I was as small and cute as a doll, he would hold me with both hands and give me rides on those big shoulders of his.

As we walked down the hillside from the preschool, lit by the orange evening sun, we would sing with smiles on our faces, “Nico nii, nico nii, nico nico nii! Nico nii, Nico nii, ni-co ni-co nii! Smiling cheerfully, with a ni-co nico nii! Smiling like the sun, with a ni-co nico nii!”

And when my dad sang, “nico nico nii,” I would feel his large body shake.

Then, I would go “nico nico nii!” along with him.

I didn’t know why, but it made me so happy.

It must have been a mix of knowing we would go home soon, and feeling that daddy and I could go anywhere in the world.

What would we eat today?

I hope it’s Nico’s favorite hamburger steak ≡!



When we saw our house in the distance, Daddy would let me off his shoulders, and we would walk together.

Nico nii, nico nii, nico nico nii.

Playing hopscotch as we sang. And if we made it into the house right on the part where you landed on both feet, that meant today would be a lucky day♪

A precious memory, from the depths of my heart.

Thinking back on it, did daddy make that song so that I would always have a smile on my face?



He never needed to worry about that.

I mean, just look at me!

Even without Daddy, I'm always going nico nico nii with a smile on my face, just like he wanted!

Sometimes I would look up to the sky and ask myself, if Daddy saw Nico now, what would he think?

Even though he's not here anymore, Nico's family still smiles just like he did.

Giggle≡

I mean, it's too bad, but, anyone can see that I don't have that tall and beautiful model's body my mom does. I take after daddy.

But, you know?

This daddy's girl is gonna live happily.

Because, Nico is definitely gonna spread this smile that daddy gave her across the entire world, and become the happiest idol in the world!

On the way home after μ's practice session, I was spacing out just a little bit, thinking of that. Realizing that the sky was starting to get blurry, I rubbed my eyes.

Oh no, I'm starting to get a bit sentimental today. That's not a Nico thing to do.

Awww. Does this mean I've let my guard down?





I thought that I'd been cautious at all times, though. (After all, life is war! You gotta fight to survive☆) But these days, I feel like... I'm loosening up.

That's what the girls in class have been telling me lately, too. They say that somehow, Nico looks like she's having fun.

Well I'm a No. 1 Idol, so I should look like I'm having fun, but the nuance is a bit different, isn't it?

I've definitely let down my guard a little bit, and shown an opening. That's because those dull days, which I had gone through before I met μ's, have passed. Now it's a new age of nico nico nii.

≡≡≡≡≡≡

"Niiiiicooooo-chaaaan!"

Then, a wild, vibrant voice came from behind me. I turned around, and...

"Oh, Honoka-chan."

Standing there were the three juniors, Honoka-chan, Kotori-chan, and Umi-chan.

Taken aback, I rubbed my eyes once again, and then answered back, as if nothing had happened.

"What brings you here? Did you need Nico for something?"

My house is southwest from school, on the way to Akibahara station, while Honoka and Umi live in Ogawa-cho and Kanda-Suda-cho, in the opposite direction. Just for a moment, Umi-chan's expression looked as if she'd noticed something. It felt like she have glanced into my eyes. And the next moment, that suspecting expression was wiped away by Honoka's cheery voice.

"We were chasing after you, Nico-chan! We wanted to study outfits and dances from that mascot idol DVD you mentioned at practice today≡"

That brightened my mood a little.

"O... oh!? I knew you would like it! You've got a good eye for these things! The mascot idol kinda felt like a B-lister, and the casting was a bit disappointing, but the setup caught Nico's attention! That full-body suit she was wearing is just

revolutionary, and the way she came out of it right in the middle left a lasting impression! And then there was that quirk in her speaking! Kids would find it hard to forget her, don't you think!?"

In response, Umi-chan let out a bitter laugh, Kotori had an eager smile, and Honoka went...

"You bet! That's so cool! And we don't have school tomorrow, so if you would lend us that mascot idol DVD, the three of us can study those outfits, and-"





Hey, wait a minute. Where is she going with this? No, don't tell me...

"Um, sorry, but can you wait until next week? Nico-nii doesn't have that DVD with her today."

With that, I made my escape. I'm gonna be outta sight before they realize what I'm up to, like whoosh.

"Sorry, but I'm in a bit of a hurry, so, maybe next week--"

Before I could finish my sentence...

Honoka firmly grasped my arm, with a smile on her face.

"Don't worry! We won't take long ♪ We'll come along with you, and leave as soon as we pick it up. Oh, come to think of it, we've never been to your place before, have we? Wooow, I can't wait ≡ Where do you live? Aw man, and if you'd lived just a bit closer, you could have gone to Otonoki Elementary with me and Kotori! That's too bad!"

Honoka's practically glowing now, nico nico nii.

"Uh, um, my house is uh, kinda messy today..."

I lied to Honoka-chan with a smile.

"Aw, that doesn't matter to me! My room's always pretty messy too!"

I glanced over at Kotori-chan and Umi-chan, who were smiling bitterly.

"Well, I'd prefer if you were a bit more mindful about it..." said Kotori with an apologetic tone. "You always take a bunch of μ's uniforms with you, after all..."

Then, Honoka came up with an idea.

"Oh, if you can't let us in, we can just wait outside! Don't worry, we'll be off as soon as we get the DVD ☆"

Nico nico nii. She smiled innocently.

Ugh, come on! I don't even want you to come close to my house!

It would hurt their feelings if I said that out loud, wouldn't it?

That's why they're so hard to handle.

Aaaagh, is Nico helpless before their innocence!?

Waaaah, Nico's got her back to the wall!

And so...

You can read the rest online<sup>2</sup>. ≡



## Comments♡穂乃果

I love how Nico-chan sings her "nico nico nii" song!  
Just saying that is enough to cheer me up!  
It must be nice...

Now I want a catchphrase like that too.  
But something like "hono hono ho~" just sounds  
kinda stupid, doesn't it? Ehehe~

I think the way Nico-chan can brighten the mood  
anywhere with just a "nico nico nii" makes her a  
valuable part of  $\mu$ 's arsenal! We've gotta do our part  
to make  $\mu$ 's reach it's peak for her sake too! Ohh~



### TL notes:

1. Nico calls her father /ㅍㅍ(papa) in the original text.
2. Referring to her personal blog, which she left out of her school idol diary.

### Credits

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Proofreader: Astarmist (lovelivesid@gmail.com)

# Chapter 4

**Chapter 4: Go Home!**







I managed to escape them, but... it's past 6 PM now.

I stood in the darkness in front of my house.

Haah.

Nico-nii let out a sigh.

Not just one of relief. Hmm...maybe it's 50-50 mixed with exasperation and shame as well?

Oh, if you give all three one half, you end up with 150%... That's kinda exceeded the limit. Oh well.

The good thing about the night is getting all the clearance sales at the supermarket, like the 50% discounts and the 150% bonus-size packs ≡

Now Nico's heart is charged up to infinity ∞♪

... So I thought to myself as I stood outside. I looked up at my house again.

Haaah. Another sigh.

I was 100% shameful today. Perfect score. Sigh.

Nico lives near Akibahara station, but in a back alley coming off of the shop-laden main street.

Compared to the radiance of the main street, the street lights are so scarce it would make you do a double take. And, Nico's house is situated behind a high-rise building. Unlit by the sparse lighting, it's so dark I can hardly see the outline of the door.



The old-fashioned door, made of thin, rattling ground glass faces the door, and a bright yellow light comes out from the only window in the kitchen. Combined with the clanking steel staircase outside, the mortar building looks like something out of Doraemon or Sazae-san. Just like some old lady's countryside home.

“Aaagh, if only Nico lived somewhere just a bit nicer!”

That phrase, one that I would have said at least a few hundred thousand times as a kid, came to my lips once again.

Maybe then, I would be able to invite Honoka-chan, Kotori-chan and Umi-chan over.

Then I wouldn't have to be so desperate to distract them, shake them off, and escape.

It's a bit sad, but I understood. The fact that we can live in Akibahara means that we're not exactly destitute.

Our house may be old, but it's more than enough to live in. And, although it can't fit more than a bed and desk, I technically do have my own room.

I wonder if this is punishment. The vain, pleasure-seeking Nico's punishment.

But, no matter what I do, I just can't help but think the way modern girls do.

Not like I want a bed with a canopy, though. I just wished I had a house that looked a little bit – just a little bit – nicer. One that I wouldn't be ashamed to show my friends.

Ever since I was young, I would hesitate whenever my friends asked me where I lived.







I didn't really know why I did myself, but still, somewhere inside, I thought.

Nico's an idol, right? She's conscious of how she looks, right? So I would at least want a nicer-looking... No, I'll say it straight this time! A more expensive-looking house.

That's how I thought.

Because... well, it doesn't suit Nico's image. This old, broken-down little house. I can't bear to show anyone that I live here.

Aaaagh, if only Nico could be the first daughter of some established store, like Honoka-chan, or the successor of some big dojo, like Umi-chan, or live in a fancy apartment as the chairwoman's daughter, like Kotori-chan, or the princess of some private hospital...

How nice that would be!

Then, I'd be able to use that as my selling point and make my debut as a 2nd-generation idol much sooner.

Wait, what is a 2nd-generation idol!? What am I, some sort of celebrity?

Tee hee... Ah, but that would be so nice. A doctor, schoolmaster, chairwoman, or lawyer... A VIP-class, working, 2nd-generation idol ☆



Making my move as a local, downtown idol might be a good idea ♪

I laughed to myself.

“I’m back!”

As I removed my shoes at the small concrete entrance, “Welcome back!”

“We missed you, Nico!”

Two cute little voices resonated from the back. Followed by the pitter patter of running feet.

Pow!

Looking down with a strained smile, I saw two cute little creatures burying their faces into my waist.

“We missed you, Nico!”

“I’m hungry, Nico!”

They raised their heads to speak, revealing soft, chubby faces, like that fish-girl from Ponyo.

Just as cute as ever ♪

I laughed as I set my bag down and entered, quickly reaching for the apron on the kitchen wall.

Looks like I don’t have time to change out of my uniform today either.

“Sorry, practice took a while today, too. Just wait a moment while I make dinner, okay?”

The two little Ponyos danced and cheered, “Hooray, hooray, dinner, dinner♪”

Giggle.

It made me wonder if I acted like them when I was their age too?

My cute little twin sisters, with faces quite similar to mine.

≡≡≡≡≡≡

“Today’s dinner will be whitebait fried rice and egg soup. Be sure to finish your sprout and seaweed salad too, okay?”





While Kokoro responded with an enthusiastic yes, Cocoa made a slightly reluctant expression.

“Sprouts and seaweed again? I wanna eat strawberries!”

S... strawberries!? We can’t have something that expensive on a regular dinner! I thought as I made an excuse.

“Oh, really? Maybe next time, okay? I didn’t buy any tonight, but instead, I’ll make the salad special and add your favorite tuna, okay?” I said while desperately trying to recall a single piece of information. Do they even have clearance sales for strawberries?

While thinking such thoughts of how a housewife would have thought, Cocoa pointed to the salad plate with a smile.

“Oh, you mean the one with mayonaise? I love that! Thanks, Nico-chan ≡”

As Cocoa started bouncing up and down in front of the dining table, I pat her head to calm her down.

There, there... Honestly, you’re just so cute and energetic, Cocoa ≡

Watching at the side, Kokoro puffed out her cheeks in anger. “No fair! Pat my head too, Nico!”

Giggle... I inadvertently let out a dry laugh.

That’s right, Kokoro’s obedient, and always does what I tell her, but that doesn’t mean she doesn’t want any attention.

Nico loves kids who express their opinions like that! So I thought as I start patting Kokoro’s head too ≡

“Nico-nee loves how you’re never picky about your food ☆”







My cute little sisters really do resemble me in certain ways.

“Now, Mommy’s going to be out late tonight too, so let’s eat. Oh, and maybe we should bathe together tonight, too ≡”

I roared and struck a pose like the monster from a kaiju<sup>1</sup> film, prompting the two to start laughing and frolicking.

Aww, that didn’t work. Maybe I went too far.

“Come on, you two! You’d better eat your soup quickly, or else it’ll get cold!”

“Okay, Nico!”

“Sure, Nico!”

The two answered with angelic smiles, and dug right in. After a while...

Vzzzzzzzzzz.

My cellphone started vibrating. I always have it in vibration mode to ensure my rambunctious sisters won’t answer it for me.

“Oh? Nico-chan, your phone’s ringing. Is it Mommy? I hope she comes home early today ≡” said Cocoa with yellow bits of fried rice stuck to her face.

Ack, now they have realized the phone can vibrate, too...

“Really? But you said she’d be busy all week so we’d have to eat dinner by ourselves!”

Caught off guard, I left the spoon in my mouth as I picked up the phone to check the caller number.

“Aaaaaaaaagh!!”



The jolt of shock makes me drop my phone. What could she want at this hour? Does she have something else to ask?

“What’s wrong, Nico? Did a ghost call you? Did he tell you mommy isn’t coming home?”

Kokoro and Cocoa looked at me with worried expressions.

For a moment, I considered leaving her hanging, but for some reason, I decided against it.

Slowly, fearfully, I reached for the phone again. Aaah, but I shouldn’t have after all.

Because, of all the things for her to say...

“Oh! Nico-chan! Are you alright!? We were worried because you just vanished all of a sudden while we were talking! We thought that maybe you got abducted by a UFO, or spirited away, or something, and we would have witnessed a close encounter of the third kind! Umi-chan was telling us to call the pol-”

I stifled a laugh as I heard Umi-chan interrupting Honoka-chan with a smack on the head.

“Oh, Honoka-chan? Yeah, sorry about that. I was thinking of showing you to my place, but someone I knew called out to me, and then we got separated, so I went home by myself.”

That’s a bit too far-fetched, even for me! But Honoka-chan’s response to this obviously fake excuse floored me. Literally.

“Oh, that’s all? Phew! You see, we’re actually standing right outside your place, ’cause Kotori-chan said she knows where you live. But, after squeezing in here, we’re having a hard time finding your house, right? We’re just behind UDX, so how do we go from-”

I jumped up with a crash.

“Stop! Stop stop stop stop stop stop right now!! You can’t come over!!! Um, uh, just, er, w-wait right there, and I’ll come over right away!”

With that, I hung up.



I took off my apron in a great hurry and rushed to the entrance—Oh right, the mascot idol DVD! I ran into my room to grab it.

Give me a break! I can't believe they're making me do this! I'll never talk about mascot idols ever again! They have their strong points, but they're nothing more than idols that bring disaster from within those suits!

"Sorry! Nico's gotta go out for a minute, so just eat your dinner and wait for me to come back!" I shouted to Kokoro and Cocoa as I put on my shoes and dashed out the door.

And then, not even a dozen meters from my house, I saw Honoka-chan and her friends turning the corner. My hopes were dashed.

"Aaaaaaahh!!"

"Oh, Nico-chan! So you were here after all ≡"



Argh, not even hearing Honoka-chan's carefree voice is going to calm me down.

Despite what you would have thought, I'm not all that great at ad-libbing! Honoka has done nothing wrong, but I hate her anyway.

Maybe I looked like I'm troubled, because Kotori-chan asked me with a worried look, "Sorry for coming around so late. Did you have any plans?"

As if trying to apologize. As if expecting something of me. Crap. Kotori-chan has formidable intuition. Did I look like I'm keeping a secret or something?

"Um, um, no, not really, it's just-"

I was cut off by the sight of Umi-chan... doing... what!?

She's sniffing around me with her eyes closed!

"I smell something nice. Like the pleasant smell of cooked fish. Sorry, were you in the middle of a meal?"

The three of them let out a yell.

"Aaaah! Really!? Sorry for being so thoughtless! You don't have to come out for us! So then, where do you live, Nico-chan?" Which one of th-"

As Honoka-chan started to look up at the buildings around us, I immediately pointed in the opposite direction, towards the shopping district.

"Oh, actually, Nico lives alllll the way down ther-"

And then they called out.

"Nico-nii!"

"Nico-nii, your soup's getting cold!"

The two voices came from behind.

"How cute! Twins!"

Honoka-chan beckoned them over as if she was playing with a puppy.

Ugh, and I did tell them to wait inside...

Paralyzed with shock, I couldn't find anything to say.



Once they realized that the Honoka-chan and her friends were here, they hid themselves behind my skirt.

“Are they your friends, Nico-nii?”

“Um, y-yeah, you see, they’re my friends, but...”

My voice is drowned out by a voice 100 times louder. Kotori-chan’s voice.

“A-are these really your twin sisters!? Oh my gosh! They’re just too cute! And they’re wearing matching clothes, too ≡≡≡”

I could see hearts in her eyes.

While taken aback by Kotori-chan’s excitement, Umi-chan’s face has the same surprised look.

“I never knew you had little sisters. Are they twins?”

Soon, their astonished stares turn to smiles, and they crouched down to eye-level with the twins.



“Hey there. Nice to meet you.”

As the twins wriggled nervously, they continued.

“You look just like Nico ≡”

D-do they? That’s the first time anyone’s said that. After all, I’ve never let anyone see them before.

My heart skipped a beat. But, I felt a bit of anticipation.

As I let out a breath, the twins jumped with joy.

“We’re Kokoro and Cocoa, and we love Nico-nii ≡”

“We’ve never met Nico-nii’s friends before, but you’re nice!”

“Come eat dinner with us!”

“We’ve got tasty whitebait fried rice today! I’ll share some of mine with you!”

“Oh, then I’ll give you my seaweed and sprouts salad! I don’t like eating sprouts all the time anyway!

“There you go again~, being picky with your food! Nico-nii worked hard on that salad, you know!

“Tha-That’s not true!”

The two started to talk among themselves.

Umi-chan started laughing. And so did Honoka-chan and Kotori-chan.

Honoka-chan said with a loud voice, “You sure are lucky to have such cute twin sisters, Nico-chan! You shouldn’t keep them to yourself ≡! I’m sooooo jealous!”

These little sisters... who would tell anyone that you eat sprouts every day?

Are they really something to be “sooooo jealous” about?

Ehehe ≡

≡≡≡≡≡≡

After I handed over the DVD, the girls declined my little sisters, telling them it was too late and they had to go home.



Of course, they promised that they'd definitely come play another day.

Clearing her throat, Kokoro proudly declared that they'd play othello together next time. The twins looked with amazement at the candy that the girls gave as a goodbye present.

"Nico-nii's friends are all real nice!"

"They gave me a piece of candy! I hope they'll bring two more next time ≡!"

"That's right. They're all nice girls."

As I answered, I thought to myself.

Will I be prepared for all of them to know what kind of house I live in by the time they come back? I'm still not sure.

If it's them...

Although the idea crossed my mind a few times before, still, I felt hesitant.

Nico-nii. The vain, the pleasure-seeking.

If I make it as an idol.

Then maybe one day, I won't have to feel this way anymore.

With a strange swaying sensation filling my heart, the three of us went home.

## Comments♡ことり

Honestly, Nico's little twin sisters, Kokoro-chan and Cocoa-chan are just too cute! ♡♡♡♡♡♡

They stole my heart from the moment we met! ♡

As an only child, I'm so totally jealous!

Oh, I know! I'll make them some matching outfits!

Oh, but would Nico-chan be fine with that?

Hm, then I'll just make one for Nico-chan, too!

The three of them in matching maid uniforms ♪

Let me join the fun too! ♡♡♡



### TL notes:

1. Original text is 怪獣(kaijū), which literally translates to “strange creature”.

### Credits

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Proofreader: Astormist (lovelivesid@gmail.com)



# Chapter 5

## Chapter 5: Winter Wind







As if heralding the end of autumn and the coming of winter, the chilling wind continued to blow, as it had since morning.

“I guessed it’s about time I bought a coat.” I muttered to myself in the silent hallway.

I started to space out.

What kind of coat should I get this year? I had to consider this carefully, since I can’t afford to buy more than one. Last year, I eventually settled on getting a furry mods coat, but this year, I want one of those vibrantly-colored cocoon coats that are in fashion right now. No, rather, I should be looking for something that goes with just about anything, like a plain gray or navy A-line. But after weighing all my options, I decided on a white duffel coat, or...

I thought to myself as I sat alone in the waiting area of the hallway.

The seats lined up along the classroom-side wall are empty. I was the last one left.

Feeling bored and having nobody to talk to, I swung my legs back and forth in the air and waited.

As I looked at the huge brush-writing sign pasted on the door, my thoughts wandered into the past.



To Senior Parents,

Otonogizaka Academy  
Ut enim ad minim veniam

### Parent-Teacher-Student Meeting Notice

We hope that you are in good health in this early autumn weather. Additionally, we offer you our sincerest gratitude for your continual understanding and cooperation with school events. We have prepared a location for you, your child, and her homeroom teacher to discuss her school activities and future, which you may observe in the schedule below. Although we understand you may be busy with the upcoming new year, we request your presence at our school.

#### Information

1 : Time of Conference    ~~Quis nostrud exercitatio~~

2 : Location                Inside classroom

3 : Other Info              For specific details concerning the content of the discussion, please contact your child's homeroom teacher.

2023.09.01  
2023.09.02  
2023.09.03



I have always wanted to be an idol. I'm not sure why, maybe it is because I've been this way for as long as I can remember.

I'm sure part of it was because of those dazzling outfits they wear, how they stand on the stage as the center of attention, and the sensation of singing and dancing. I don't think there's a single girl in the world who wouldn't want to be an idol.





I mean, Eli-chan was so against it at first, but in the end, she became a school idol too ≡

All we had to do was to say, “you’ve got what it takes to be an idol,” “you just have to take one step across this line,” and “please, please, become an idol!”

I don’t think anyone in the world would be able to pass up that chance. Not even Eli-chan. Not even Umi-chan.

Not a girl in the world. No, maybe it’s not just girls? Homosexuals love idols too, and even guys are really into idols.

Right?

Nobody in the world would hate idols ≡

It’s just that they give up sometimes, with the thought that they can never become idols.

Not that I don’t understand their hesitance.

But I don’t like it.

So I’ve decided a long time ago that I would become an idol, no matter what.

Not a pâtissière, not a flower grower, not a preschooler, not a doctor, not a CEO, not Doraemon... Wait, that last one might come close... No, not a single one of those!

The only thing I’ve wanted and thought of becoming was a true idol.

If I can dance, sing, and shine on TV, if everyone praises my cuteness, and if I can spread my best smile across Japan.

Then maybe that will reach Daddy someday.

After all, my smile is the greatest in the world.

Nobody can beat my nico nico nii~ ≡

That’s why I put effort in what I want to become.

Of course, the quickest way to become an idol is through auditions.

But, for an elementary-schooler, having to find auditions itself was a challenge. While other children had their parents take them there, Mommy<sup>1</sup>

was always busy with work and rarely came home, so I got around by following my friends and their parents.

I got accepted as a research student a few times, but in the end, there would be lesson and registration fees to deal with.

Plus, pretty much all of them took ballet, cheer or piano classes at the same time.

But Mommy was always working so hard, always coming home late, and never seemed to have any free time. I couldn't tell her my situation, not over my dead body.

Oh, but in her defense, she would buy me shoes, uniforms, and anything else that I needed if I asked. I got a monthly allowance, so I didn't think we were really impoverished.





But, like, even a kid would understand, right?

We couldn't afford to waste anything.

Even if it was my dearest dream that we were talking about.

I was still an elementary-schooler after all.

If I were to seriously try and become an idol, I would have to go to all sorts of expensive extracurricular lessons. It would feel like a completely different world.

So, I diligently saved my allowance... and, when I was in 4th grade, I finally joined a children's theater troupe.

It was a long-standing group, consisting of local volunteers, who were holding a one-year class exclusively for local children.

A light, economical, experience-building exhibition course for local children only, and with no registration fee, all you needed was 2000 yen a month for the lessons.

"My big chance has finally come!!" I thought. I jumped at the opportunity, and Mommy allowed it, thinking it would be an enriching experience. And so, I began attending lessons twice a week.

I didn't miss a single day of this precious opportunity. If I gained recognition here, if I caught someone's attention, then maybe I would get recruited as a permanent member. And, experience aside, being in a theatre ensemble might increase my chances to appear on stage or on TV.

I went to practice with a wide smile.

My first real dance lessons.

Lessons to find what angles made me look cutest, lessons on walking emphatically, and formal singing lessons.

It was my first experience with theatre... and I loved every second of it.

The acting, the singing, the dancing... it all fitted me perfectly.

So I thought, 'this is it.' This is the path for me.

Before long, the chance for me to realize my dreams came.

The auditions for the children's parts for a famous musical...

After entering the troupe, I had earned praise from the head, and managed to make it through the final test.

I was the only one left from my course.

My chest was trembling. My heart felt like it could jump right out of my chest.

But, in the end, they chose two other people.

They were two normal kids. They paid a normal lesson fee, and were enrolled in a normal course.

Of course, it might have been that I just wasn't good enough, but back then, I thought, "that's how it went. Of course, that's how it would have gone."

I was frustrated.

I wanted to cry because of my frustration.





But I knew that I shouldn't cry just because I felt frustrated.

Because my worth didn't ride on something like this.

That was why.

And afterwards, I heard from the people at the office the true reason for my lost.

It was because I didn't have teeth.

And in fact... I didn't.

At that time, I'd just lost two baby teeth, next to my front teeth.

And my new ones hadn't grown yet.

But the two kids who got picked were about the same age. When I asked them about that, they told me that those two had been in a theater troupe from an early age, so whenever their teeth fell out, they got fake ones put in.

I see. I didn't know about that.

But even if I did know, fake teeth sound really expensive...

Like, in magazines, they talked about how performers spend like a few million yen beautifying their teeth, right?

So I couldn't tell Mommy.

Not on my life.

But I won't cry. Even though it hurts, I won't cry.

Because if I do...then I'll really lose.

I will never, ever cry.

And...

The days passed by as if nothing happened.

I entered a regular public middle school, and, as usual, I signed up for auditions, beat out the second-rate lesson-taking students, and then couldn't enter because I didn't have money.

If you said that I wasn't being all that serious anymore... well, you'd be right.

After all, most of those auditions I had gone to were B-class gigs.

I thought, I've got the sort of talent that only comes around one in a century, so I'd be better off entering the scene with a bang rather than starting off as an underground idol.

I would just have to wait for it.

I believed that soon, my true and honest big chance would appear before me.

More likely than not, I was serious about it.

Because, when I was graduating from elementary school, the performing arts high school UTX opened up in front of Akibahara station, with that fancy black skyscraper.

By the time I'd started thinking about where I'd go after middle school, A-RISE, the pride of UTX, and Japan's number-one school idols, had built up a reputation. And when I saw that, I thought, "That's me! That's my real big chance!"





That's the only place for me.

I've kept it a secret from the rest of μ's, but I've come to see their theater many times.

So many, many times, and it nearly brought me to tears.

But I held it back. I was determined, from the bottom of my heart, to stand on that stage.

That's the only place for me, I thought. I'd really be able to dance on that stage.

And then...

The fall of my third year.

One day, after picking up an enrollment packet, I skipped home in high spirits via a short path.

But the enrollment guide in the packet surprised me.

I had forgotten.

I'd stepped beyond my bounds.

I'd been too absorbed in the idea that I'd be going to UTX.

I'd never imagined there existed schools that would cost 1 million yen just to register for it.

Back then, I was far, far younger than I am today.

Otonokizaka Academy wasn't even on my radar.

It was that same old reason.

All because I didn't have money.

My big chance shattered to bits, and the door slammed in my face.

I was in shock.

I thought I was so sad I'd cry... but nothing came out.

I laughed a little, thinking that it was just too big of a shock for me to cry.

But now that I think back, I know I was wrong.

Now that I think back, the reason I didn't cry was definitely because that wasn't my real chance.

Somewhere within my despairing heart, I'd realized it instinctively.

It was an instinct that I'd become an idol, no matter what.

≡≡≡≡≡≡

Clatter, clatter, clatter.

The classroom door opened.

The thick smell of perfume.

Out came a woman in a beautiful beige suit, accompanied by her daughter, the girl who went in before me.

"Huh? Where's your mom, Nico-chan?"

"She's busy with work today ≡" I winked back.





The girl's mom looked at me with a face that said, 'that must be tough.'

It's tough all right.

It's tough, but Mommy's the one having the hardest time here.

I can handle this counselling conference myself, no problem!

I made a smile and stood up to enter the room.

Inside were my homeroom teacher and the vice-principal, who was in charge of career counselling.

They were both middle-aged ladies.

My homeroom teacher prompted me to sit down.

"Hmm, Well then, you're the last one, right, Yazawa-san? You said your mother couldn't come due to work. According to your career aspiration questionnaire, after graduating, you're, er..."

She scanned through the documents.

But, there was nothing there.

"It's... blank?"

The homeroom teacher frowned, and the vice-principal adjusted her glasses.

Teeheehee ≡

There was nothing I could do about it.

Back when I was filling out the questionnaire, I didn't have any aspirations left to speak of.

I'd began my last year of high school with resignation. Frankly, if I couldn't get into UTX, then I didn't care what happened to me after graduation anymore.

With a troubled look, my homeroom teacher asked, "Well, have you decided what you want to do now?"



I jumped up and say, “Yes, of course!”

Relieved, the homeroom teacher smiled.

I raised both my voice and my hand.

Like a player pledging at Kōshien<sup>2</sup>.

“I am going to become an idol! No matter what anyone says, I shall continue on my honest path, and fight on until I become an idol!”

I saw their jaws dropped, and laughed a little.

I’ve got a talent for giving people an impact ≡

Teeheehee ♪

Right now, I think that this is really my big chance.

I’ve met Honoka-chan, Kotori-chan, Umi-chan, Maki-chan, Hanayo-chan and Rin-chan, and even Eli-chan and Nozomi-chan, who were the type that I honestly never thought I’d be friends with in my whole life, despite being in the same year.

And being a school idol like this, I can feel it.

This is my real big chance.

I’d been wandering all my life.

So that I could come here.

Because, although I’ve never told anyone about this secret, I’ve never had so much fun in my life!

It’s better than when I was in the theater troupe, better than when I went to all those auditions, better than when I went to UTX’s theater.

That uneasy, painful feeling in my heart is gone now.

Simply being with the rest of μ’s and practicing with them is so fun.

That doubt I had deep inside me, which I didn’t want to admit, that doubt that I’d never become a idol, might be flying out to the end of the universe now.

Now, I can think about being an idol all I want.



I act as an idol, and play around with the other idols... I've never been happier in my life.

Even with me the way I am, I can become an idol.

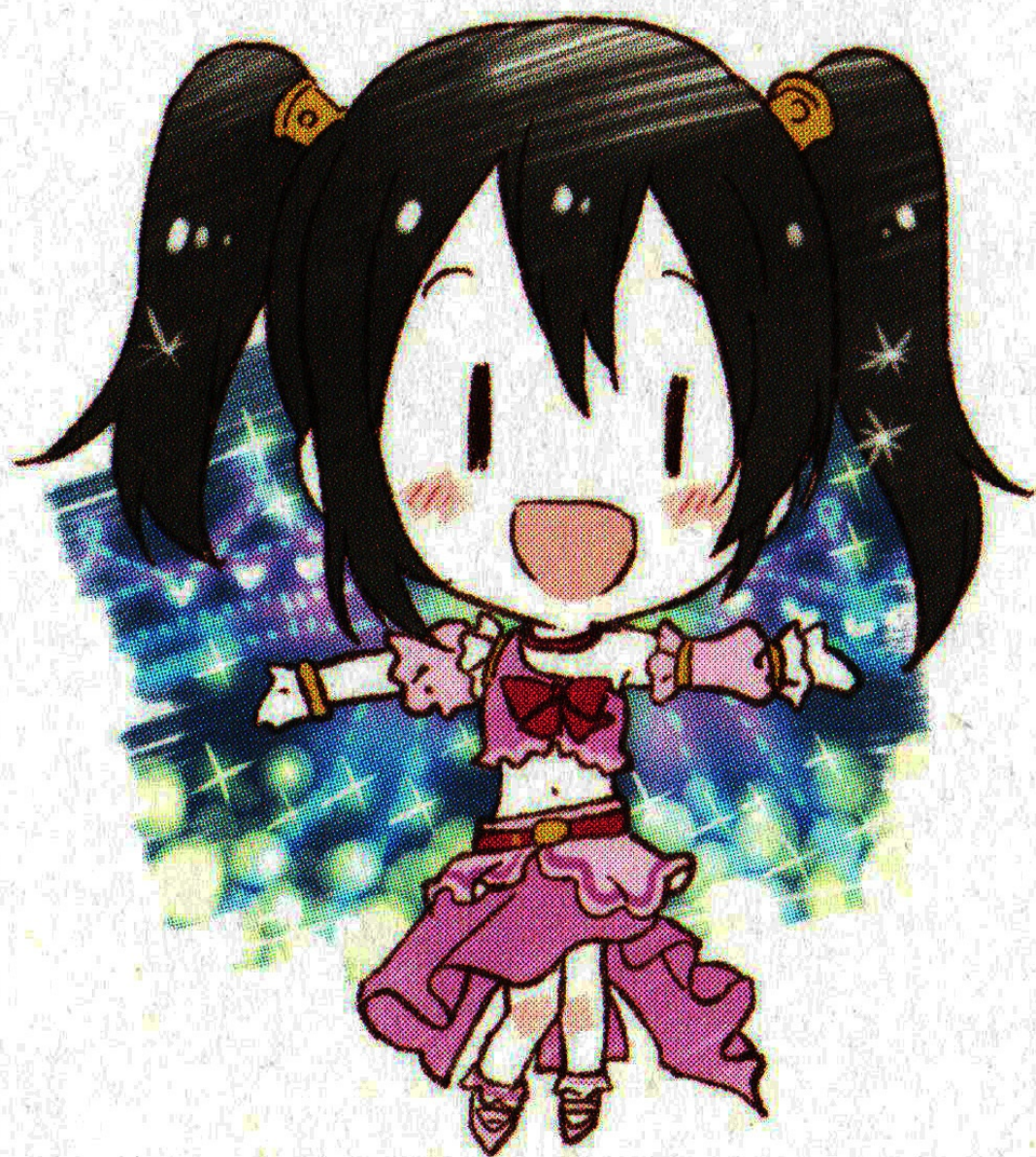
No, I'm already an idol!

So, I'm sure that from now on, I'll be able to show my best smile to the world.

Nico nii, nico nii, nico nico nii ≡

I'm gonna become the greatest idol in the world!

So, keep cheering me on until your hearts give out≡!







## Comments♡希

Wow, I can just imagine homeroom teacher's surprise and  
the vice principal's elegance. That's Nico-nii for you ♪  
She can say whatever comes to mind  
and it cheers me right up ♡  
Being an idol is a fine goal in life.  
It's every girl's dream, after all ♪  
But won't this draw attention to μ's?  
Giggle ☆ Elichi's gonna get angry again ♪  
Alright, maybe for my next conference, I should take a  
page from Nico-nii's book and go, "I am going to be an idol"?  
A shrine priestess or fortune teller wouldn't be bad, either ♡



TL notes: 1. Nico calls her mother ママ(mama) in the original text.

2. Kōshien: Famous baseball stadium, location of the national high school baseball finals. Players in a sport typically stand up and pledge to play fair before a game, apparently.

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Proofreader: Astarmist (lovelivesid@gmail.com)

# Chapter 6

Chapter 6: Nico and  $\mu$ 's







Ever since that morning...

I've been feeling kinda hot.

But, I couldn't slack off just because I felt a bit out of place.

As always, I helped the little twins get ready, and sent them off shortly after Mommy left for work. Then, I ate breakfast as well, and got ready for school...

Ugh, I couldn't take this anymore.

I could remember that thought running through my head.

But I didn't have any memory of what happened after.

The next thing I knew, I'm back in bed.

Wriggle, squirm. I'm buried inside the covers like a hornworm.<sup>1</sup>

S... so cold...

I felt a shiver running down my back.

It's the first morning of November. Fall is almost over.

I'm always ready to catch the latest viral trends, but this time, it appeared that I have caught a different kind of virus altogether. I thought such idle thoughts as I shivered in bed, still in my school uniform, with my blanket pulled up over my head.

Aah... It's a good thing I managed to send the kids off without any incident happening.

If they were still here, I wouldn't be able to lie in bed like this.

I'm used to being alone. Just give me a bit of rest, and I'll be back in no time.

Yup.

Come to think of it, μ's has been busy making a new song and working on a promotional campaign recently.

I probably got too excited planning our maid café takeover campaign.

Then my memory skipped.





Next... although I'm covered in all these blankets, my back kept getting colder, and then my face started to heat up suddenly.

What...? I might have a fever. But there's nothing I could do about that.

I'm too cold.

All I could do was to close my eyes and curl up inside my bed, like a boiled prawn.

I want... water.

That's what I thought, but I didn't have the strength left to get any, so I had to endure it.

But, this is fine. Ever since I was a kid, Mommy has always been busy at work, so I was often alone.

This is how it has always been for me.

Nobody was around to look after me. That's a fact of life.

At least it was, until my twin sisters were born.

In fact, just being able to sleep by myself like this, without a care in the world, that is all I want.

...

≡≡≡≡≡≡

I'm not sure when, but eventually, I fell asleep. And then I had a weird dream.

I felt myself floating... and I went to heaven.

There, I met several cute, beautiful angels with white wings. And, strangely enough, they looked like the girls from μ's.  
Giggle.

Oh, come on. Why are they angels now?

I'm the one with angelic cuteness here, I thought feebly.

At first, I was like, wait...if I'm in heaven, perhaps that meant that I have died?

Somehow everyone seemed extremely kind to me...it feels good.

Just having died not long ago, I couldn't fly too well, so I just floated around while they led me around and took care of me.





They changed me out of my wrinkled uniform into pajamas, wiped off my sweat, brought me ice packs from the freezer, heated some water and brought it into my room, humidifying it to soothe my throat...

The angels were like kind nurses.

I felt a little better.

Aah, but... I'm still thirsty.

"I... I want... water."

A quivering voice.

I realized it was coming from my throat.

Huh... is this reality?

Suddenly my vision became pitch black, and I realized that someone was placing his hand on my forehead.

It reminded me of Mommy's hand.

A white, gentle hand.

As I opened my eyes, I saw...

Eli-chan!?!?

I instantly sprang up from bed in surprise.

"What are you doing? You've got a terrible fever right now, so you need to get some rest."

I fell back down, but Eli-chan caught me.

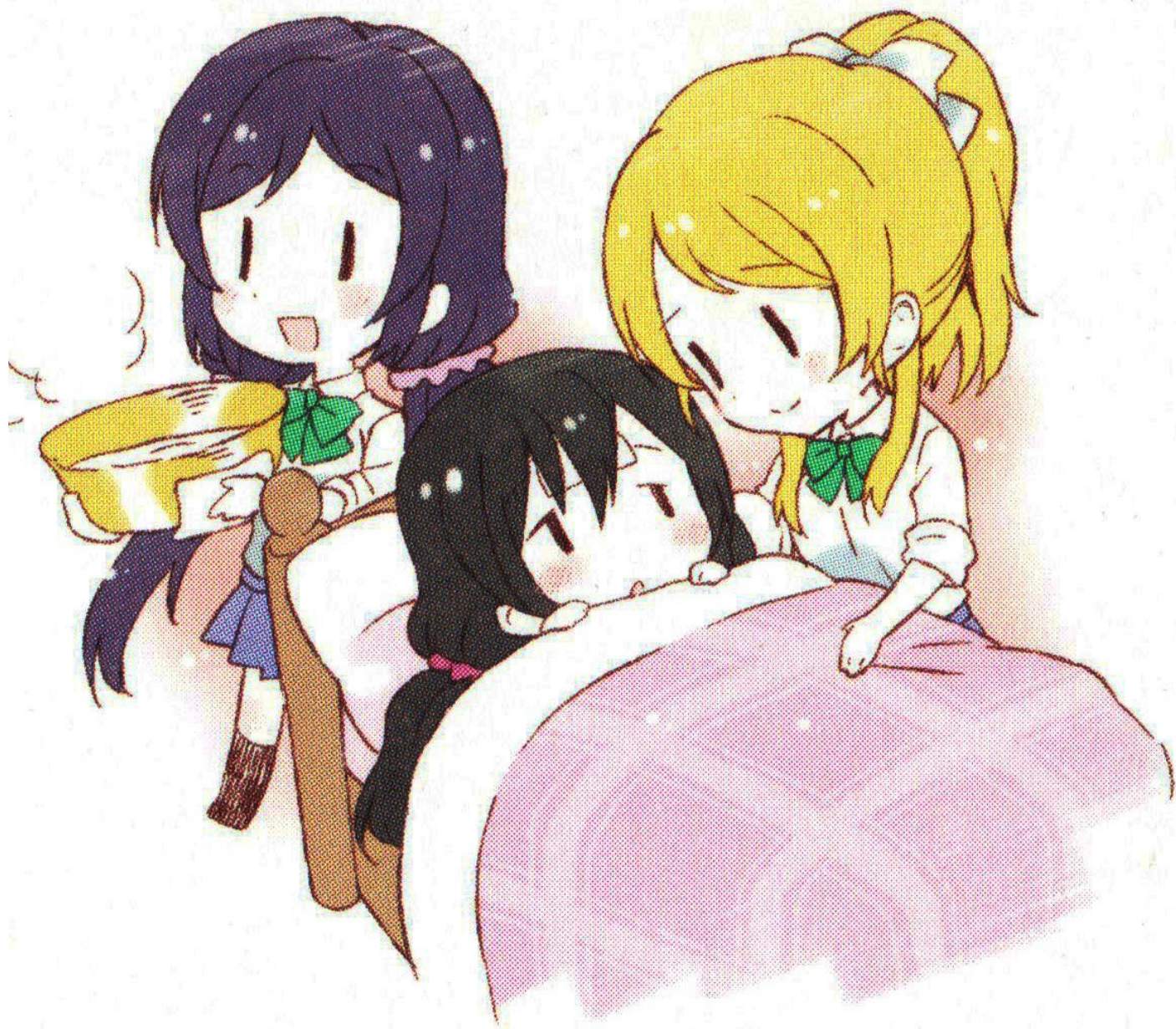
Why... is she here?

As if she read my thoughts, she answered, "You were absent from school, right? I heard in the staff room that you hadn't contacted the school, so we came to check up on you. But, we didn't expect that you'd be sleeping with the door unlocked."

Did she just say "we"?

I frowned with my eyes closed.

“Really, even if you’ve got a fever, you could at least lock the door. You don’t want anyone coming in and stealing your valuables!”





That's Nozomi-chan's voice coming from the kitchen. I supposed she was boiling water.

So she's... here too.

Eli-chan continued, "Yeah, if you're going to collapse, you could at least give us a call! If you ignored this fever, you could have gotten pneumonia!"

She sounded a bit angry... but far kinder than usual.

As my eyes remained closed, I felt this throbbing in my chest...

It must be in my head, no, it's because of this cold.

"We looked around since we weren't sure where you kept your pajamas. You're fine with these, right?"

I lifted my eyelids just a little to check, and... oh, that's my tracksuit.

So Nozomi-chan...

I could almost laugh.

If they "looked around," then...

Rather, if those two are here at all, then that means...

I got even dizzy than I already was.

They've finally found my house...



Part of me wondered what to do now.

The other part didn't care anymore.

Even I'm surprised, but this illness has left me unexpectedly weak.

I just nodded, and left myself in Eli-chan's care.

I didn't want to think anymore... yup.

I felt like I didn't need to think anymore.

I don't need to put up a front for them anymore.

Once again, Eli-chan put her hand on my forehead, and laughed.

"Did you know? There's an ancient Japanese tradition of laying on hands. If I use my healing touch like this, then it'll suck the fever right out of you."

Oh please, is she starting to turn superstitious like Nozomi-chan now? I'm too old to believe in those things anyway.

But, it's strange.

It made me happy, even though it was truly unbelievable.

I let out a little laugh.

I wondered why.

Is this really happening?

Slowly, I opened my eyes, but they're not there.

I must have been daydreaming.

And then.

"We're back! We got the medicine!"

I heard someone shouting from the entrance.

"Shhhh! Nico is still sleeping! You will wake her up if you yell so loudly!" a sharp voice rebuked her.

"We got some extra ice, too. Is this enough?"

That's Kotori's soft, chirping voice. It's the three juniors.



That reminded me. Last time, they got pretty close to my house, and gave my sisters, Kokoro and Cocoa, candy.

Behind them, I heard more voices.

“Like I said, if we needed medicine, we should have just asked my dad.”

“But Eli-chan thought Nico-chan wouldn’t like it if we made too big a deal out of things...”

“Then just leave it to me! I’ll use my kitty powers to force the sickness out of Nico-chan!”

“If you could do that, then we wouldn’t have doctors in the first place, would we!? Honestly, is this really the time to be stubborn about this stuff. If Nico-chan really develops pneumonia, it might just be fatal, you know? I just want what’s best for her.”

Hah.

They really are all here to see me, I thought half-consciously.

Before I knew it, I saw everyone’s faces surrounding me.

“I’ve never seen Nico-chan this quiet before!” someone said.

They all laughed unanimously.

A refreshing new bag of ice cooled my head.

I could hardly open my eyes anymore.

Someone reached under the covers and held my hand.

A gentle, white hand, like Mommy’s.

I saw golden locks of hair hanging in the corner of my eye.

“I know you can handle everything by yourself, like you’ve always been. We might not be dependable, but...”

Through my closed eyes, I felt my field of view going white.

“I want you to rely on us just a bit more, because you’re our...”

I fell asleep before I could hear the rest.

So, I felt my closed eyes heating up.

And something was coming out. I must be really sick.

If I tried to wipe it away, it'll just make my eyes swollen.

"I know that, but I have to rub it, no matter what." I thought.

And with the tears still flowing, I drifted to sleep.

Oh, God.

It's like I'm really in heaven.

A heaven that's home to eight lovely angels.

Have I really joined their ranks?

My chest tightened as I wondered.

There must be some strange disease going through me today after all.

## Comments♡絵里

Nico-chan's always messing around, but she's actually more sensitive to others than anyone else, and always works so hard by herself...

Or is that going too far? Heehee ♡

I'm sure she'd blush and run away if she heard that.

But, the way she shoulders everything alone reminds me of myself a little bit, so I feel like I get where she's coming from. But I wish she'd let us carry some of the weight every once in a while. Regardless of what she thinks, we're a team, and it's one for all, all for one.





TL notes: 1. A hornworm is the caterpillar of a hawk moth.

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